



Lady Cyclist. "CAN YOU TELL ME IF THERE IS ANY SAXON WORK IN THIS CHURCH?"
Old Man. "LOE BLESS YER, MUM, I BE THE SAXON!"

THE TIP-TOPICAL SONG.

(AIR: "Peace, Peace.")

["I cling to the Topical Song!"—From the dicta of Mr. Paul Rubens.]

THERE'S a craze nowadays for the musical plays;
The success they enjoy is enormous;
They're inconsequent quite, but we love them in spite
Of the critics' attempt to reform us.
Though they've got little plot, it don't matter a jot—
It makes room for a popular item;
For the topical song, if things ever go wrong,
Is invariably certain to right 'em.

Cling, cling to the topical song,
And the piece will run gaily along;
There is nothing that "grips"
Like some suffragette quips
In a typical, topical song.

When the best little jest has been voted a pest,
And the comic man can't raise a titter,
When the baritone, too, has been met with a boo
From the galleryite and the pitter,
When they've tried, O ye pride of the South London side,
With but little effect to burlesque you,
Then some Rajah of Bhong with a topical song
Will come, turban and all, to the rescue.

Cling, cling to the topical song,
And, they say, you can never go wrong;
For the rest, though abused,
Will be quickly excused
By a typical, topical song.

If you try to aim high, you will go all awry,
And you won't pay the theatre's rental;
Therefore quash all your qualms; shove in sheltering palms;
Make the atmosphere quite oriental;
Let a man (in Japan) sing some phrases that scan,
Setting forth, say, the afternoon's winner
(For that's always thought smart, though of course it's not
Art—
But whoever wants Art after dinner?).

Cling, cling to the topical song,
And the run of your play will be long;
Every author that's wise
Knows the kudos that lies
In a typical, topical song!

FROM *The North Wales Observer*:—

"TO BE SOLD, SHIRE STALLION.—'Burgandy Bend,' No. 23,100, Vol. 27, 16½ hands high; very muscular; good bone; silky feathers. There is some grand stock after him."

Personally, we are after him, too—if the above is a true description of his points.

THE POET TO HIS SUFFRAGETTE.

If in that hour of triumph when you passed
(Accompanied by *Do ye ken John Peel?*)
From dungeon-walls to break your dreadful fast
Where Mr. MILES purveys the fruity meal—
Forgive me, if through absence, O my fair,
I was just then not there.

Present in spirit I could still observe
"Shades of the prison-house" upon your brow,
And, poised above, the halo's airy curve,
Symbol of martyrdom's accomplished vow;
And hear the thud of your heroic feet
Shattering Chandos Street.

Perchance you found my absence rather odd
When you debouched from out your loathly cell?
Yet I had thought on you detained in quod,
Pallid and tousled; I had pondered well
How great a thing you were, how near the sky,
And what a worm was I.

In dreams I waved a banner by your side
And frankly owned: "This is no place for me!
She needs a nobler mate, this virile bride,
A hardier brand than I could hope to be;
I am not made (one has to be so tough)
Of the right martyr-stuff."

Then I have certain foibles, all accurst,
Such as a lingering sentiment for sex,
A modest tap of humour, bound to burst
When you are prancing on a prostrate X;
These would obscure my vision of the True;
Yes, I should never do.

So, Loveliest, I release you. All is o'er.
I will not grumble; I am only sad,
A little sad because I must deplore
Your uninstructed taste, who might have had
This pillowy heart to press, but chose to wed
A ballot-box instead! O. S.

THE WISDOM OF THE BLACK FRIAR.

OF MALADIES.

If thou art at the sick-bed of thy friend and that friend suffereth from a malady, discourse at length upon the occasions on which thou thyself didst suffer from that malady. Rather than inquire after thy friend's symptoms or express pity for his sufferings, prove to him how at that other time thy symptoms were more intricate and thy sufferings greater. Pass on then to the narration of all the maladies that thou from time to time hast suffered, and dwell on the nobleness of thy bearing on each occasion.

If thou hast from thy youth up been cursed with good health, describe the afflictions of thy relations. Thou must not let the sick man's attention be diverted from the topic of sickness lest he become unduly cheerful.

OF ENOUGH.

It is common knowledge that enough is as good as a feast, nay better. Nevertheless on demand men can be found who will upset their own convenience to accommodate a friend, and will sacrifice their enough in order to partake of a feast.

OF THE LAW.

If thou art a lover of reading, read the law. If thy taste is in favour of romance and the strong dramatic interest, select Company law, but if thy leaning is towards frivolity and the sparkling epigram, turn rather towards Precedents in Conveyancing.

Myself did study the law for many years, and did learn this one thing only:—"Issue must never be joined with joinder of issue." Therefore, my son, since thou dost so value my advice that thou canst not dispense therewith, take this to heart. Though thou hast not the vaguest notion what an issue may be, much less what a joinder of issue may be, yet thou canst not be too careful that the twain be never joined together.

If thou art a layman, thou mayest perchance announce thy disinterested purpose of seeing the Courts sitting. Be careful that thou find not thyself with difficulty and at great expense ensconced in the Court of thy choice but listening to a long and dull dispute as to the salving of a ship or the interpretation of a will. For remember that Admiralty and Probate cases are also tried in that Court.

OF JUSTICE.

When thou art engaged in the Courts of law, be careful that thou dost employ the right kind of speech to the right person.

To a Judge say: "My Lord, I would that so-and-so were done," and if that thing be just it shall be done.

To a Master (that is next beneath a Judge) say: "Master, if it please thee, I would that so-and-so were done," and if he taketh not violent offence at thy person or manner he also will do justice.

To a Master's Clerk say: "Sir, conscious as I am of thy intrinsic greatness and the enormity of thy importance, I yet dare to ask thee as a matter of grace that so-and-so may be done," and possibly thou shalt in the end receive thy due.

But to the lowest official (to wit, the Summons and Order Clerk) say: "Granting, Superior Being, that thou art the personification of the dignity of the law and that thy position is such as forbiddeth thee to have dealings with the ordinary human; premising that I that address thee am less than a worm in thy comparison; admitting, briefly, that for me to address thee at all is the vilest presumption on my part and the most gross affront to thy highness, nevertheless I suggest with all humility that so-and-so may be done." Know that though with great good fortune and in the course of ages that thing may be done yet of a surety even then it shall be done wrong.

OF SIGNALS.

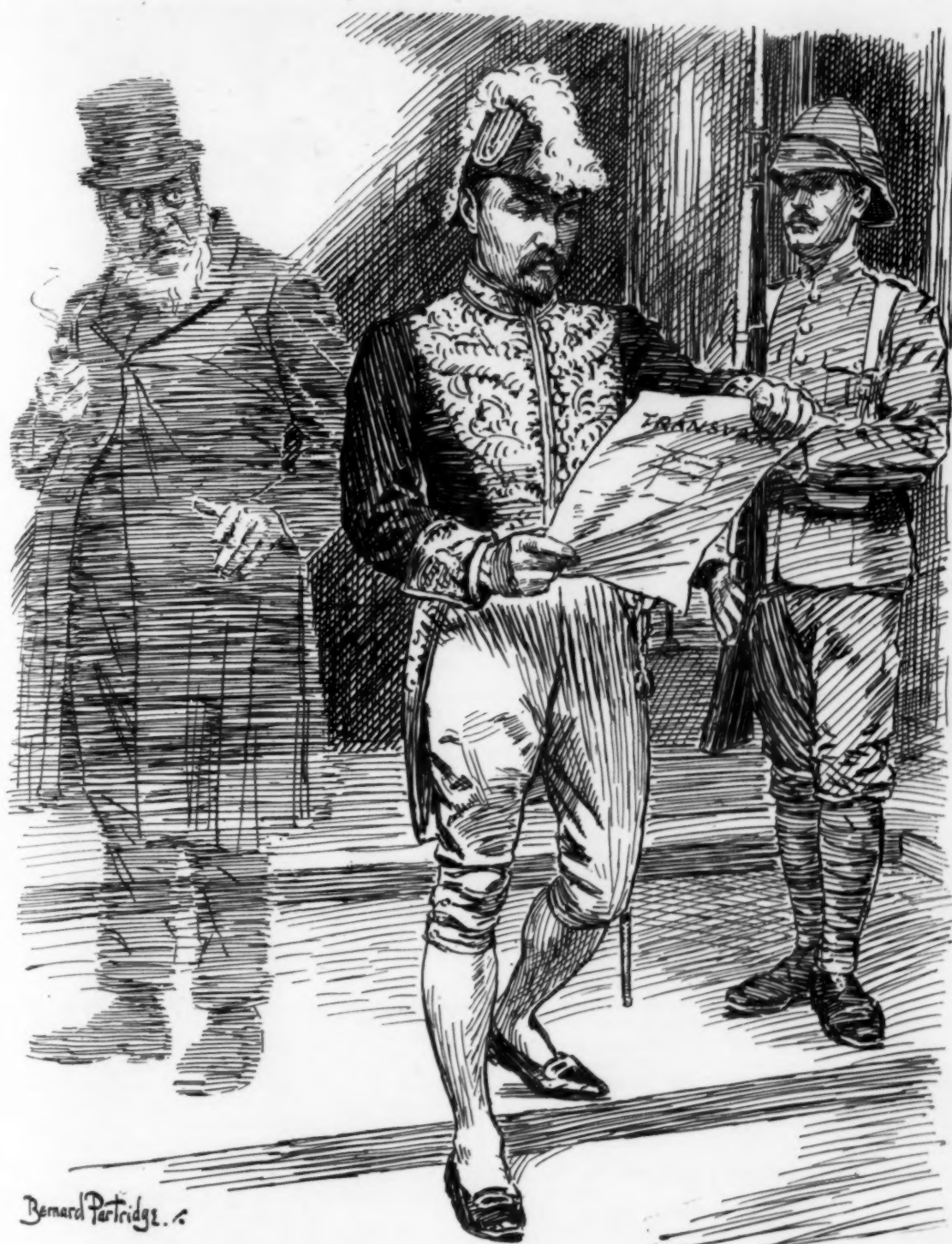
Art thou that readeest these lines a driver of engines? Observe thy signals, and, if they be against thee, stop. Yea, though thy natural impulse is to go on and it seemeth apparent to thee that by so doing thou shalt the more speedily reach thy destination, nevertheless stop. There is ever a possibility that he that set the signals against thee set them thus neither through mistake, nor in laziness, nor from spite, but with some honest and ample reason.

OF TABLES.

If thy table is of that kind that upsetteth itself every time thou seatest thyself on the side of it, confound that table by not seating thyself on the side of it. If, however, thou feelest that thou must seat thyself on the side of it, thou mayest still confound that table by engaging some person the while to seat himself on the other side of it.

OF RECTITUDE.

See to it that thou put thyself right in all things, and not thyself only but others also. Contradict loudly him that is in the slightest degree inaccurate in his speech, and write to the papers on every matter that is not exactly as it should be, even if it be an affair no more important than a man's waistcoat button. Report errand-boys, porters, and postmen; take the numbers of omnibus conductors, cab-drivers, and policemen; above all write on the back of thy bill complaints of the waiters whom the regulations of the restaurant prevent thee from tipping.



HISTORY DEFEATS ITSELF.

SHADE OF PAUL KRÜGER. "WHAT! BOTH A PREMIER? WELL, THESE ENGLISH DO
'STAGGER HUMANITY'!"



The Professor (who has just been introduced to Lady Blenkintoff's latest musical prodigy). "AND DO YOU REALLY PLAY SO BEAUTIFULLY AS DAT?"

THE ELF-KING'S VICTORY.

WHEN the Elf-King went to battle with his helmet on his head—

Tanta-ra, rub-a-dub, rattle-rattle!

See the Elfin army marching out to battle!—

He kissed the Queen at parting, and this is what he said,
While his staff stood by respectfully, and, oh, their armour glistened,

And their eyes flashed fires of courage, and they set their teeth and listened

To the winged words of their monarch with his helmet on his head:—

"Now farewell," he said, "beloved one, for you cannot come with me,"—

Tanta-ra, rub-a-dub, rattle-rattle!

See the Elfin army marching out to battle!—

"We shall charge the foe directly, and as far as I can see,
Since we've got the bigger army, we shall probably defeat them;
We shall cut them up and smash them, and wherever we may meet them

We shall win no end of glory, but you cannot come with me."

So she sighed and she released him, and his battle-cry rang out—

Tanta-ra, rub-a-dub, rattle-rattle!

See the Elfin army marching out to battle!—

"Now St. George for Merry Elf-land!", and they answered with a shout,

All the cavaliers of Elf-land, mighty two-inch men of muscle,
Who could hack their way to triumph through the thickest of the tussle,

Sitting stalwart on their chargers, while his battle-cry rang out.

In their splendid regimentals, lo, the infantry went by—

Tanta-ra, rub-a-dub, rattle-rattle!

See the Elfin army marching out to battle!—

Eighty thousand lusty foot-men, all prepared to do or die;
While the handkerchiefs were waving from the windows to remind them

Of the hearts and pretty faces of the girls they left behind them,
Of the girls who cheered and chattered as the infantry went by.

So they marched to fight the Gnome-King, but that wary monarch ran—

Tanta-ra, rub-a-dub, rattle-rattle!

See the Elfin army marching out to battle!—

Ran with all his craven army ere the battle-shock began.
And they captured all the mole-hills where his men had taken shelter,

Chased them out of their entrenchments and pursued them helter-skelter,

While the Elf-King led them onward and the Gnome-King cut and ran.

Then with all their banners flaunting and the Elf-King still in front—

Tanta-ra, rub-a-dub, rattle-rattle!

See the Elfin army marching back from battle!—

Home they came, the happy soldiers who had borne the dreadful brunt.

And the Lord Mayor and the Sheriffs and the City Corporation
In their chains and robes of office gave the army an ovation,
And were knighted very neatly by the King, who rode in front.

R. C. L.

A TRAP FOR COUNTRY MICE.

MR. PUNCH'S UNTRUSTWORTHY GUIDE TO LONDON.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The Tower.

THAT the Tower of London was built by WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR is a fact within reach of the right hand of every sub-editor. At that time the Tower Bridge had not been constructed, and Queen Anne's Mansions were also non-existent. The Thames, however, flowed past the fortress very much as it does now, save that its depths were less turbid and fewer steam whistles rent the air. The price for admission to the Tower in WILLIAM'S time was a tester, but traitors have always been admitted free.

Time passed, but not until bluff King HAL came to the throne (which, it is not perhaps universally known, was widened and strengthened to accommodate him) did the Beefeaters, now inseparably associated with the Tower, spring into existence. Their origin is not without interest. My Lord PORTERHOUSE, a burly young man of a sanguine disposition, and the best blood in his veins, having engaged in a duel with Sir EUSTACE MYLES, a vegetarian knight of the time, and slain him, was confined in the Tower as a first-class misdemeanant. Having great charm of manner he succeeded in attaching to his person the whole of the guards, who, when he was liberated, insisted on going with him, the Tower being thus left unprotected. The KING, in a panic, endeavoured to get them back, but could do so only on condition that Lord PORTERHOUSE was made Governor, and that they should have gorgeous uniforms, all the beef they wanted, and nothing to do (*dolce far niente*). This was agreed to, and ever since they have been fed at 11 and 4, sixpence extra. Mutton they will not touch, nor veal. But any kind of beef attracts them, even canned. As for Lord PORTERHOUSE, he took to racing, and established the famous stakes that bear his name. He married a daughter of Sir GODFREY of

Bouillon, and died at Smithfield in 1571. His life was written very sympathetically by the French author CHATEAUBRIAND.

The Tower rose to its zenith of usefulness in HENRY THE EIGHTH'S time, and it was a certain thing that if he took any of his wives to see the regalia he emerged a widower.

The regalia is still the principal attraction that the Tower can offer to sightseers. The most humiliating precautions are taken to prevent one from properly examining these interesting relics—crowns, sceptres, orbs, etc. Not only are there railings and glass, but the continuous and irritating presence of custodians. After all, the crown

away even if he succeeded in overpowering the janitors in the room itself—unless he provided himself with sufficient beef of sufficient succulence with which to bribe his pursuers.

For the rest the Tower is notable for its Armoury, where the canned beef is kept; for its ravens, who say "Nevermore" continually; for the staircase under which the little Princes were smothered; and for its moat, which is as dry as all guides to London except this. The Tower used to have a menagerie of lions, but about a hundred years ago the Beefeaters presented a petition to the King praying that they might be removed, as the sight of these creatures enjoying their meals was more than they could bear. The lions were therefore removed to Regent's Park, and the gallant old fellows were left in undisturbed possession of the meat. Long may they enjoy it!

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Conclusion.

And here, at the Tower, we come to an end. There is much of London of which we have told you nothing; but this must suffice. We have taken you into none of the Thieves' Kitchens which abound in the East End; none of the Gambling Hells or Cock Pits with which the West is riddled. But of

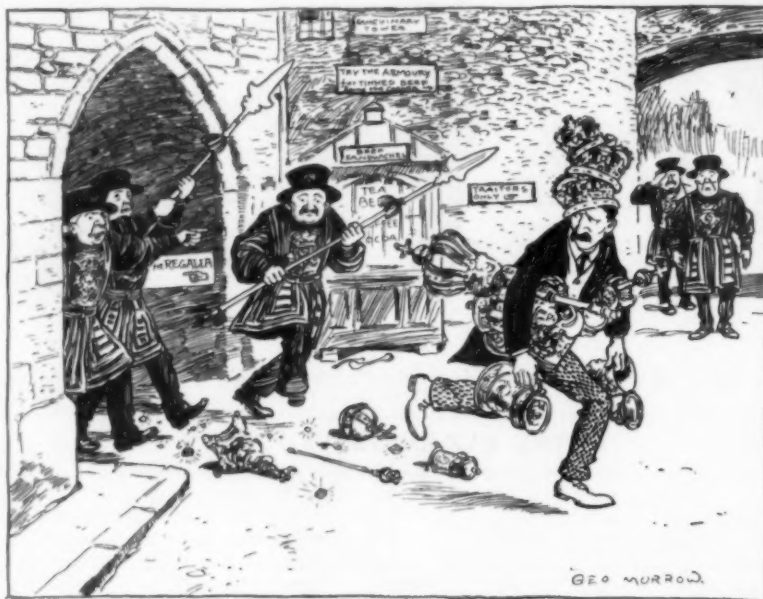
these Father BERNARD VAUGHAN will doubtless soon be speaking. We have not taken you to Battersea, the home of BURNS and CHESTERTON; nor to Hampstead Heath, where HARRIET and HARRY exchange hats and aspirations; nor to ROWLAND WARD'S, to see the skin of the lion who could not get through *Punch*; nor for a sunny railway ride in the new Tube. These joys you must discover for yourself. In spite of our omissions we have said enough; perhaps too much.

And so, London, city of plane trees and plainer cooks, farewell.

THE END.

"Room, first flat, car line; bath; own key; suit dressmaker or Christian woman; 2s. 6d. weekly."—*Edinburgh Evening News*.

A VERY painful and invidious distinction.



OUR UNTRUSTWORTHY ARTIST IN LONDON.
THE TOWER. ATTEMPTED ROBBERY OF THE CROWN JEWELS.

belongs to the country—to us—not to these crimson carnivores. An officer and gentleman named BLOOD succeeded in getting the jewels in the reign of CHARLES THE SECOND, much to that King's delight, but he was stopped well on the Tower side of ATTENBOROUGH'S, and merely lost money by the transaction, for he had to pay his myrmidons a living wage. CHARLES THE SECOND, however, subsequently made it up to him by a pension. The gallant Colonel later attacked the Bank of England, but was again disappointed. He had little luck, and in the end settled down to a life of secret virtue.

Since BLOOD'S day the regalia has been safe, although many a fairy queen in provincial pantomime has looked covetously at its dazzling splendours. It is doubtful if the thief would get

A TELEPATHIC SUGGESTION.

TELEPATHISTS! O you whose creed
Leaps lightly to the poet's need,
Excuse me (will you?) while I plead
That anyone who can
Will, of his wisdom, be so kind
As to assist the undersigned,
Who is unluckily a married man.

Yes, I espoused, when very young,
A wife—extremely highly strung
In nerves, in temper, and in tongue—
Who, in fair tête-à-tête,
Would talk the hind leg off a horse;
A fact which comes with added force
Because she's nearly twice my fighting
weight.

I am a timid man, and hold,
With one of this barbaric mould,
That silence is the truest gold;
Indeed, when once I did
Attempt to take the other side,
Instead of arguing, she shied
A tea-pot at my head, and broke the lid.

Nor is it only that I miss
Th' amenities of married bliss;
I have a deeper grief than this,
In that she little knows
That, all the time her eloquence
Is practised at her lord's expense,
Why, I could simply crush her—if I
chose.

For, mark you, I myself can be
Sarcastic to the last degree;
My powers of (silent) repartee
Would floor her on the spot,
Bar her exceptional physique,
And that I hardly care to speak
Roughly to so remarkable a shot.

And thus, you see, like mythic *Sprat*,
Not only do I lose the fat,
But she takes all the lean; and that
Is where I draw the line;
At least I should, but up till now
I never saw exactly how,
While I knew *her* views, she could get
at *mine*.

But tell me, is there hope at last?
For I have read for some time past
News of a strange and secret caste
Who, as I gather, claim
To have evolved a patent scheme
That ought to meet my wildest
dream:—

My friends, I think Telepathy's the
game!

If it be true, as I have heard,
That A. can get his thoughts trans-
ferred
To B. without one blessed word—
Then all that I can say
Is that I hope some unknown friend
Will, of his knowledge, condescend
To put me on to this without delay.



OUR SPOILT INFANTS.

Hostess. "WHY AREN'T YOU DANCING, MR. FITZHERBERT?"

Mr. F. "I CAN'T REMEMBER WHO MY PARTNER IS FOR THIS DANCE, BUT I'M SURE I GAVE IT TO SOMEBODY. STILL NOBODY'S LOOKED ME UP FOR IT!"

Teach me, I beg, this new device;
And blow the trouble, hang the price!
I shall not count the sacrifice,
So that my end be won;
Give me this mental telegraph
And then, well, I shall have the
laugh:—

* * * * *
Will someone kindly tell me how it's
done?

DUM-DUM.

"WANTED, PLOUGHMAN, with Worker, or
Worker and a half, and Boy for odd Horse."
Berwickshire News.

This is a variation of the well-known
problem: "If a Ploughman and a
Worker do a certain piece of work in
the same time as it takes a Worker and
a half with a Boy for the odd Horse,
how many odd Workmen and half Horses
will be required if I double the depth
of the trench? Give your answer in
ploughboys. (Brokerage $\frac{1}{4}$.)"

THE PASSING OF MARGERY.

At the age of two I could write; of that I am convinced. It was in 18—well, I won't tell you the exact date, but there were many brilliant novels of the decade published that year, and I know that in our family it was thought to be rather a coincidence. At two I could write; but it would be another thing to say that at six months I could talk.

What, then, was I to think of this letter from MARGERY's mother?

"My DEAR BOY,—When are you coming down to see us again? Why, you haven't been for ages, and Baby has such a lot to say to you. Do you know she actually spoke her first word yesterday!! And she is only six months old! You must come and hear her; she is a darling. Love from us both."

This brought me out of bed pretty quickly. "Ridiculous!" I muttered, as I lathered my face. "What nonsense!" I sneered, as I selected a tie. "These mothers!" And I sat down to breakfast in a cynical mood.

But after breakfast it was different.

"It's really rather wonderful," I thought. "Fancy! Yes, I will. I'll go down to-day and see if it's true."

... There was a nice old gentleman in my carriage, and I felt I should like to talk to him. I picked up my paper.

"Extraordinary things you see in the daily press," I began.

"Extraordinary, indeed, at times."

"Why, there's a little paragraph in this paper to-day about a child of six months who can talk fluently. I simply don't believe it," I said indifferently, as I lit a cigarette. But my hand trembled.

"Extraordinary," he agreed, opening his eyes widely.

"You think so too?" I cried. "Have a cigarette."

MARGERY's mother was blushing, simply blushing with pride and excitement; and I think that in her heart she was a little frightened too.

"Did you get my letter?" she began nervously.

"Of course. That's why I'm here. I've come to hear this wonderful talking."

"You mustn't expect too much. She only says 'Dad' so far, you know. But I'll bring her down to see you."

When MARGERY and I had saluted each other, I said:

"I may as well warn you at once that I don't believe she really says 'Dad.'"

"He 'doesn't believe us,'" said her mother, smiling happily. "We'll soon show him."

She sat down, and put the baby on her knee.

"Now, Baby. Dad, dad, dad, dad—"

"Dad," said MARGERY. I swear it.

"I don't think much of that," I said.

"Dad, dad—"

"Dad," echoed MARGERY.

"Where's my hat?" I said, getting up.

"What's the matter?"

"I'm going. You've dragged me down here on false pretences. That isn't talking—an unnatural and parrot-like repetition of one word. Do you suppose for a moment she understands what she is saying? Do you suppose for a moment that this is anything but a mechanical—"

"She says 'Uncle' too."

I sat up eagerly.

"I say—no—does she really? Go on, I don't believe you."

"I taught her. Uncle—uncle—uncle."

There was an awful silence.

"Pooh!" I said.

"Oh, Baby, do be a dear. You know you said it this morning. Uncle—uncle—uncle—"

"Gur-r-r," said MARGERY.

"As I was saying," I went on sternly, "it is absurd to suppose that a baby of that age can talk. It can repeat one word in a meaningless way, perhaps, but any parrot—How long have you had that child?"

"Six months."

"And you have trained it to say one word in that time. Why, the most ordinary parrot in average health—The child's health is good, I suppose?"

"Just look! Why, you haven't—"

"In perfect health, as I thought. Then let me tell you that the most unintelligent sort of macaw—in indifferent health—can be taught six new words in a week. And you have had that child, who is as well as anyone could be, for six months, and have only trained her to say one word. And you're proud of it. Why—good Heavens! I'll get a jackdaw to-morrow, and back myself—"

She pressed MARGERY's cheek against her own.

"We aren't going to be compared to a nasty jackdaw, are we, dear?"

"If I am not even allowed the simplest figure of speech," I began huffily—and then another thought struck me. "How many teeth has she got?"

"They're all coming beaut—"

"How many teeth has she got?"

"None, actually, at present; but they're all coming beaut—"

"There you are! And you pretend she can talk! Why, it wouldn't be natural. It wouldn't be proper. It would be extremely forward of her, and I am surprised at you for suggesting it."

She and MARGERY still had their cheeks together.

"You're very horrid," said her mother; "Baby and I wanted to ask you a favour, but I don't think we shall now."

"If you're not careful I shall grant it. I'm in a dangerous mood just now."

"Well, it's this." She spoke hurriedly, stopping every now and then to kiss MARGERY. "Baby and I both think that now that she's beginning to talk—"

"I beg your pardon. To do what?"

"Talk."

"Have you been attending at all to what I have been saying? I pointed out—"

"Now that she's beginning to talk—and notice things—and so on, we think that it would be better—if you really wouldn't mind—if you would call her and write to her as 'MARJORIE'—which, after all, is what she was christened—and not 'MARGERY' as you always do—because you're the only one who does, and it's just that sort of thing that babies notice—and it would make her wonder why you were different from everybody else—and—and—it might be awkward—and—and—" She stopped suddenly. "And that's what we thought, didn't we, Baby?"

I looked at her wonderingly.

"You really are," I said, "the most extraordinary woman and typical mother I've ever met. Why awkward?"

"Not awkward exactly—only I think that if anybody has a special pet name for Baby it ought to be me. And when we christened her MARJORIE we expected—"

"I pointed out at the time, didn't I, that MARGERY was the proper way to spell it?"

"But then he never could spell, could he, Baby?"

"Well, never mind that. The point is that, because your child has repeated one word of three letters after weeks of laborious training, you are afraid now that she will either read my letters to you and her father, or else notice the very subtle distinction in pronunciation between 'MARGERY' and 'MARJORIE.'"

"Of course, if you put it like that—oh, can't you see? Anyhow, do say you will."

I took a turn round the room, while I considered my verdict.

"He's going to, Baby," said her mother.

"All right," I said at last.

"You dear! And you'll still be a good uncle to her?"

"I'll send her a bound copy of *The Girl's Own Paper* when she writes me a letter in French with only two mistakes, if that's what you mean. Now hold her still a moment."

I placed myself dramatically in front of her, and prepared to make my farewell speech.

"M-A-R-J-O-R-I-E," I began eloquently, "it gives me great pleasure—"

There was a shriek, and then an outburst of tears. I turned away in disgust.

"MARGERY would never have done that," I said.



GENERAL HURLEIGH-BIRD, WHO HAS TAKEN AN EXPENSIVE FISHING FOR THE FIRST MONTH OF THE SEASON ONLY, ARRIVES AT THE BEST POOL ON THE BEAT.

JOURNALISTIC EVOLUTION.

[Some Reader-readers have been discussing the newspaper of the future.]

WHEN motor-omnibuses fly,
And when their time is reckoned
From Hampstead Heath to Peckham Rye
At less than half a second,
What kind of papers shall we see?
Folk doubtless still will need them,
But there will hardly ever be
A breathing space to read them.

The Times will change of course, we
know,
And with it, one supposes,
The halfpenny press will undergo
Complete metamorphosis.
Bedimmed will grow our shining lamps;
Unknown to future ages
The dignified repose that stamps
Our Daily-maily pages.
Their cultured calm will be taboo,
Nor will life's fevered fret let

The reader pause to linger through
The leisured leaderettelet.
The art of concentrating thought
Will be so cultivated
That in a sentence will be caught
Whatever should be stated.

The foreign news will thus be far
More readable and shorter;
A line will satisfy the par-
liamentary reporter;
When HALDANES yet unborn discuss
The attenuated red line,
The quarter column read by us
Will dwindle to a headline.

"There have been no less than 107 hours
3 minutes more sunshine than in 1905, the total
being 158,025 hours."—*Scarborough Post*.

BUT is it quite dignified for a place
that enjoys 430 hours of sunshine a
day to stop and haggle over a paltry
3 minutes in this way?

Good News for Mr. Buxton.

A HARROGATE correspondent received the following from her watchmaker:—

"Respectful Madam,—We have pleasure in forwarding your watch by this evening's post, which is now going satisfactory."

A Cabinet of Olympians.

"THE benevolence and impartiality of the British Government... have brought blessing and benign influence on the Colony; and as a result, in addition to the enjoyment of good and regular weather here, we are entirely free from divine afflictions."—*Straits Settlements Times*.

Theatrical Note.

WE have had "Mice and Men," and "The Country Mouse," and now "Three Blind Mice" is on the bills. Mr. Punch suggests to some Manager who is bored by so many mice that he should revive the old comedy, "Where's the Cat?"



OUR YEOMANRY BALL.

Early Arrival. "WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE PROGRAMME?"

Gallant Yeoman. "I AIN'T ZEED 'UN YET. THEY'VE ONLY GIV' I ONE O' THESE 'ERE LITTLE BOOKS!"

CHARIVARIA.

THE end of the world has been predicted as the probable result of a recently-discovered comet coming into contact with the earth. This should at least save further trouble in the matter of the proposed abolition of the House of Lords.

We understand that if the House of Lords is abolished it will be because it thwarted the wishes of the Government.

It should be interesting now to see whether a bill will be introduced to disfranchise the Brigg Division of Lincolnshire.

We are not at all sure that the Government is wise in its decision to re-arm the Auxiliary Forces. We cannot help thinking that the enemy's troops, when they caught sight of the present ridiculous obsolete guns of the Volunteers, would be incapacitated by laughter. That would be our chance.

PRINCE BUELOW made a violent attack on *The Daily Mail* in the Reichstag last week. Surely, if ever there was justification for a declaration of war against Germany, here it is.

Canada has tired of servant-girl immigrants, according to an official of the Dominion Government, and a demand is now being made for "well-bred, well-spoken, and well-mannered Englishwomen with refined tastes and, above all, enthusiasm." One wonders whether Canada would perhaps once more come to the rescue of the Old Country, and take our Suffragettes. They certainly possess enthusiasm.

"Gambler mauled by Lion" was the heading given by *The Daily News* to an item last week. A well-known feminist writes to point out that this is the latest attempt to deprive her sex of credit. As a matter of fact it was a lioness who administered the punishment.

Exeter Hall has been purchased by Messrs. LYONS. Another case of *Christiani ad leones*.

The danger of performing bears being led about the country lanes is well known, and now a man has been severely injured by a travelling crane.

According to *The Mirror*, moth-breeding is one of Society's latest hobbies. We notice that many wealthy persons even provide fur overcoats for their pets.

An individual who was found in another man's cubicle at Rowton House with a hook and string for fishing up trousers has been sentenced to three months' hard labour; but his case, we understand, is to be taken up by the Anglers' Protection Association.

We seem to be in for an epidemic of picture thefts, a number of paintings having been stolen last week from a mansion near Ormskirk. In consequence of this the police are said to be now keeping a close watch on all burglars wearing art ties.

We are glad to see that the question of the deficiency in the reserve of officers is at last receiving attention. With a little more reserve they would not be so ready to rush into print.

We hear that, at the opening of the New Bailey, when someone drew a sword for the purposes of the accolade, several ignorant persons imagined that an old-fashioned execution was about to take place.



MARBLE OR FLESH?

RIGHT HON. R. B. HALDANE (as PYGMALION). "O SPIRIT OF PATRIOTISM, HEAR MY PRAYER,
AND GIVE MY STATUE LIFE!"

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Lady (who has asked Jones to tea at her Club). "SO AWFULLY SORRY. I QUITE FORGOT I HAD A 'DOWN WITH MAN' MEETING. BUT PLEASE TAKE A SEAT AND MAKE YOURSELF COMFORTABLE. WE SHALL ONLY BE ABOUT AN HOUR."

[Jones says he thinks he'll go and do some shopping.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, Feb. 25.

—NAPOLEON B. HALDANE, whilst in many respects, physical and intellectual, resembling his great prototype, differs from him on one point. The first NAPOLEON's bulletins were brief. The fourth NAPOLEON expounding his new Army scheme occupied three hours.

Only veterans like HOWARD VINCENT, accustomed to endurance in bivouac or on the battlefield, were able to sit it out. His doggedness more commendable by reason of fact that just now his massive mind is troubled by problems outside barracks and camp. There is the circumstance of WINSTON CHURCHILL, at public expense, cabling to South Africa verbatim reports of his speeches, finding room for a little postscript from the SECRETARY OF STATE by way of justifying the new departure. HOWARD VINCENT means to get at the bottom of that transaction. Had on the paper to-day a sort of Shorter Catechism addressed to UNDER SECRETARY FOR COLONIES. WINSTON, who did not serve in Egypt and South

Africa for nothing, strategically absent. Catechism consequently postponed.

"But it shall be administered," said HOWARD VINCENT, bringing his teeth together with that ominous click familiar to the Queen's Westminsters when under his lead they storm Primrose Hill or, deploying along the Embankment, capture an empty L.C.C. tramcar.

Another difficulty that temporarily clouds the brain of the founder of the United Empire Trade League—what's become of it?—is arithmetical. Wants to know all about BRYCE going out to Washington as the KING's Ambassador. Why was the salary increased to £10,000 a year? Who's going to find the money? Will BRYCE during sojourn at Washington pay rent, rates, taxes, cost of coals, light and morning newspapers? Lastly, has any arrangement been made by which he shall retire at the age of 65?

There's the rub. The crafty warrior of Westminster, as BELLAIRES, familiar with maritime metaphor, says, knows how to adjust the sting to the tail of the torpedo. The new Ambassador observed the precaution of being born in 1838, thus with characteristic prescience

evading the difficulty that disturbs the slumbers of the gallant Colonel. Quite impossible for him to "retire at the age of 65." It is to be hoped example thus set in high places will not spread. It would be a nice thing for the country if wary civilians, Generals and Admirals made a practice of not entering the service till after they were 65, when they might snap their fingers at the service rule requiring retirement on reaching that age.

It is, I trust, not unforgivable breach of confidence to mention that it was apprehension of this custom obtaining that moved HOWARD VINCENT to particularise the initial score of BRYCE's diplomacy.

Amongst civilians PRINCE ARTHUR and ARNOLD-FORSTER sat at attention during the three hours. Fortune has led the footsteps of the former through the flowery meads of peace. He never set a squadron in the field, and of the directing of a battle knows no more than a suffragette. But deep down in his heart are hidden the instincts and aspirations of a Man of War. When in office there was no part of his appointed work in which he took keener interest than the Presidency of

the Defence Committee. On a day, as we all remember, he came down to House and in the ear of listening Europe demonstrated the impregnability of Great Britain against invasion across the Channel. That for a while gave pause to potential bandits at Berlin and elsewhere. But the Tariff Question coming up he had not time to pursue his military studies, and now, as he said the other day, "We don't know where we are."

For ARNOLD-FORSTER the moments, quite apart from their continuous length, were bitter. At the War Office he succeeded a military genius who created and entrenched (on foolscap) Six Army Corps. He is followed by another who apologises for the proposal to create seventy-four new battalions, hastening to explain that "these battalions will not add a single man to the establishment."

"Wherein they resemble BRODRICK'S Six Army Corps," ARNOLD-FORSTER murmured to himself, amazed at his own moderation whilst in charge of the much worried British Army.

Business done.—N. B. HALDANE expounds very latest scheme of Army Reform.

Tuesday night.—When, the other day, REGINALD MCKENNA, re-elected unopposed in North Monmouthshire, took the oath and, instead of "kissing the book" as they do in Police Courts, osculated the blushing sheet on which the form of oath was printed, a shudder shook the stalwart form of LORD ROBERT CECIL. Though



"Oh, dear! oh, dear! He's gone and kissed the oath!! Whatever will happen now?"
(Lord R-b-rt C-c-l.)

certainly unusual, the procedure was explicable, as was subsequently made known, by access of nervousness. The new Minister of Education is constitutionally shy. A retiring nature, suddenly finding itself confronted by a crowded House cheering welcome from both sides, was temporarily deprived of the faculty boasted by Hamlet of knowing a hawk from a handsaw.

That is very well in the way of cool reflection or subsequent explanation. Lord ROBERT was abruptly faced by what, to the sensitive mind, could not be regarded otherwise than as a warning. No one knows what this Ministry may not do. It was by no means out of keeping with their policy on the Education question that the Minister should carry anti-sectarian prejudice to the extent of declining to kiss the Bible during the working hours of the Legislature, adopting the compromise, smacking of the Cowper-Temple clause, of saluting the form of oath conveniently framed on cardboard.

Lord ROBERT'S apprehension was in certain measure removed by the explanation that it was a mere accident, a fresh illustration of the frequency of the slip between the book and the lip. That the portent of fresh evil-doing was not absolutely unjustified was proved by the circumstance that to-night the new Minister of Education comes up smiling, waving an olive branch in the direction of passive resisters seated below the Gangway. As PRINCE ARTHUR was quick to testify, the Bill which is symbolised by this greenery bristles with controversial points. JOHN DILLON, moving restlessly on his seat, would dearly have liked to say a few words. A perfidious Government balked intent by bringing in the Bill under what is known as the ten minutes' rule. Discussion thus peremptorily barred, there remained one outlet for pent-up passion. In spite of PRINCE ARTHUR'S objection the Irish Members insisted on taking a division, a first reading being granted to the Bill by 264 votes to 109.

Business done.—Introduction of Bill for relief of passive resisters.

Friday night.—House always thought well of MASTER OF ELIBANK. Personally



A HINT TO THE MASTER OF ELIBANK.

As he never forgets his "cue," why not play the push-stroke up to the Speaker?

popular on both sides. At a stride—to be precise, at succession of strides—he has reached height of eminence rarely trod. Commissioned by reason of his office as Comptroller of the Household to bring in HIS MAJESTY'S gracious reply to the Address, he achieved the task with a lithesome grace that compelled admiration, even in the ranks of the Independent Labour Party, who say they don't care for that sort of thing.

To outsider the business seems easy enough. Only those realise the difficulty who through the ages have watched scores of practitioners. First of all you have to come down in broad daylight in Windsor uniform, carrying in right hand a light pole painted white, suggesting that you are bent upon turning up incandescent lights in rows of lamp-posts. Thus arrayed and equipped, you stand at the Bar facing a crowded, supercilious House. At summons from the SPEAKER, you advance a carefully ordered number of steps, clap your heels together, and, for greater safety holding on to the pole, bow low. Another advance, a second genuflection at the Table, and you read aloud the Royal Message.

Up to now, pretty straight sailing. Here difficulty begins. Instead of turning about with friendly farewell nod at the SPEAKER and walking out of the House, you must needs retire backwards, counting (not audibly) your steps till you reach the proper distance from the Mace, when you bow low. The same number of steps repeated should bring you to the Bar, where you halt again, make last obeisance, gratefully turn on your heel and bolt.



NAPOLEON B. HALDANE AMONG THE RUINS OF BHRODRİK.

(Dimly suggested by the well-known picture by G. Clairin.)

Walking across Niagara on a tight-rope a trifle compared with this. Experience of many forlorn Admirals advanced to the post of Black Rod, from time to time despatched with messages to the Commons, testifies to extremity of difficulty. More than one old salt, mopping his brow on returning to safe harbour of his box in House of Lords, has been heard to murmur preference for walking the plank. ELIBANK took to the task as a duck takes to water. Nothing so near in approach to the style and grace of the minuet has been seen at Westminster within the memory of the oldest inhabitant.

Business done.—Extension to Scotland of Provision of Meals Bill discussed.

Garden Notes.

"ON SALE, CHIEF POTATO PLANT."—*Huddersfield Examiner.*

The Navy Cut Tobacco Plant and the Stewed Celery Bed may be found in the same department.

"HANDS OFF THE PEOPLE'S TRAMS," said the yellow placards (significant colour) on *The Daily News* Election motors last Saturday. But that is just what everybody has been doing on the Embankment.

FROM a short story in *The Leader*:—

"The Vicar of Llanprisc having interested himself in the selling of the treasure, the articles were discovered to be temple vessels of priceless Eastern workmanship, and a thousand pounds were at length handed over to Mag."

The italics are ours, but the huge commission presumably went to the Vicar.

"Two collisions took place between Charing Cross and the Houses of Parliament during the morning."—*Daily Chronicle.*

So many collisions have occurred lately between the two Houses that it is indeed pleasant to find them combining in this way against a common enemy.

HELP FROM THE HAGUE.

[It is decided, by the most eminent authorities, that questions concerning Literary Copyright shall not be the occasion of war between nations, but shall be settled by arbitration.]

To-day a monster load of care

Is off my cultivated mind.

I seem to breathe a fresher air,

For, with intense relief, I find

That jealous nations will not fight

For my unworthy copyright.

When, formerly, I wrote my verse,

I thought, "There may arrive a day

When warring continents will curse

This simple, unpretentious lay,

And widows will, with reason, aim

Their oburgations at my name."

And, once or twice, by horror spurred

I seized a sky-blue pencil and

Obliterated every word

With a self-sacrificial hand.

"These rhymes shall never be," I cried,

"Responsible for homicide."

Diplomacy, I feared, would take

A miracle of polished wit

(For specimen see this) and make

A *casus belli* out of it.

Informed by precedent, I knew

What skilled diplomatists can do.

My mind's imaginative eye

Projected quite a million men

On battle-fields and saw them die

(A few surviving, now and then).

And not infrequently I swore

To be humane and write no more.

But, now, I have no need to plague

My conscience on a point of blood;

I can rely upon the Hague

To nip that peril in the bud.

And that is why I sit at ease

And write exactly what I please.

THE RENAISSANCE OF ETON.

GREAT interest has been excited in educational circles by the announcement that the Headmaster of Eton is now obliging offenders against the school rules to write their "lines" with the left hand. In an interview with *The Daily Mail* representative the Headmaster defended the practice on physiological grounds. "If the left side was not as active as the right the left (*sic*) side of the brain was affected. Writing with the left hand would have a good effect upon the brain, and there would be no such thing as the writer's cramp."

We are informed on the best authority that the cult of ambidexterity by no means exhausts the innovations which the Headmaster is introducing at the great school over which he presides with such enlightened humanity. Dr. C. H. LLOYD, the gifted director of musical studies at Eton, in the course of an interview with a *Punch* representa-

tive last Friday informed him that a new method of instructing organ and pianoforte pupils in the mastery of the keyboard had for several months been put into practice with the most satisfactory results.

It appears that Canon the Hon. E. LYTTELTON is a great believer in nasal development as an instrument of national efficiency. The Duke of WELLINGTON, author of the historic tribute to the value of physical culture at Eton, undoubtedly owed his success and popularity in a great measure to the size and configuration of his nose. The problem, then, to be considered was how to devise some suitable exercise to promote the expansion of the human proboscis. Canon LYTTELTON appealed



BY THE KAISER'S ORDERS ONLY GERMAN CHAMPAGNE IS TO BE DRUNK BY THE OFFICERS OF HIS ARMY. WE UNDERSTAND THAT THE NEWS HAS BEEN RECEIVED WITH JOY BY TEMPERANCE REFORMERS.

in vain to Herr SANDOW and to the leading representatives of Conchology at the Royal Society. At last, however, while reading the life of MENDELSSOHN he came across an anecdote relating how the famous musician succeeded in playing a chord of eleven notes by striking one with his nose.

Working upon these lines Dr. LLOYD has now devised a system entitled Boko-jiu-jitsu, by which all pupils taking lessons on the instruments named above will be obliged to use their noses equally with their fingers. Indeed, there is one extraordinarily gifted and supple boy who has attained such a pitch of proficiency that, without painful contortion,

he is able to strike the pedals with his nose while working the manuals with his feet. Dr. LLOYD, however, was careful to add that the success with which the new scheme had met at Eton was doubtless due to the exceptionally large proportion of boys with aristocratic noses; it by no means followed that equally exhilarating results would be attained at primary or even grammar schools.

It is very pleasant to learn that the improvement of the physique of Etonian noses which has attended the Headmaster's courageous and humane experiment has not been confined to quantity, but is manifested in quality as well. Boko-jiu-jitsu develops the sense of smell to such an extraordinary pitch of acuteness that Canon LYTTELTON has good hopes of solving the vexed question of the Eton Beagles in a way which will at once satisfy the exigencies of humanitarian critics and the demands of lovers of sport.

Under the new régime the beagles will be replaced by a pack of specially trained boys who will follow the drag by scent, and, in order to complete the illusion, will run on all fours, a method likely to prove of immense practical value to such pupils as subsequently enter the army and take part in warfare in the jungle.

Simultaneously with the cult of ambidexterity and nasomaxillary gymnastics Canon LYTTELTON has very wisely determined to encourage his scholars in acquiring prehensile skill with their feet. As he puts it, why should we, the heirs of all the ages, allow ourselves to be outclassed by arboreal man? Acting on this principle the drawing-master has already succeeded in teaching seventeen oppidans to paint with their toes, and a class for instruction in the *savate*, recently started at the gymnasium under the supervision of a French Professor, bids fair to produce momentous results in the Rugby game which henceforth is to be played at Eton.

Ordered South.

"FOR SALE.—Bedstead; mahogany chest drawers; marble top washstand; cheap, going abroad."—*Star*.

Mr. Punch sympathises with the advertiser in his indisposition, and hopes that the sea voyage will speedily restore him to health.

"The Arsenal have a very reasonable chance of reaching the semi-finals for the second year in succession, and if they get there they will have an even better prospect of working their way into the final."—*Daily Mail*.

THEY have a special man in the office to think of things like this. He has a room to him-self, and no-body is allowed to disturb him. Is he not a clev-er man?

AIRS OF AN EXILE.

I.—THE START.

FAREWELL, my Country! somehow there's a hollow
Ring in that trite but pregnant word "Farewell";
E'en such a chill as pierced the previous swallow,
When summer failed to occupy the dell.
To climates where professional congestion is
Less obvious than in London I must flee;
You'll fare all right; the all-important question is
How, so to speak, will things pan out for me?

Far westward, where the wonderful Pacific
On Santa Barbara's beach in thunder breaks,
Where oranges and earthquakes are prolific,
And "dead-beat" Britishers are no great shakes,
I shall be found beneath the spangled banner,
Lending distinction to an office stool,
Expectorating in the local manner,
And cursing HORACE GREELEY for a fool.

Or like the stile-lorn* emigrant of Erin,
I shall embellish a policeman's club;
Sell real estate or round the nimble steer in
A desert strewn with rattlesnakes and scrub;
Learn in some mining camp what ROOSEVELT teaches
Touching the beauties of the strenuous life;
Grow ferret-faced and dislocate my breeches
With a six-shooter or a bowie-knife.

And you, dear land from whom a dearth of "sinews"
Bids me reluctantly to evanesce,
Concerning you, what meagre stream of thin news
Will filter slowly through the local Press?
How I shall pore, agog with expectation,
Over a *Times* of antiquated date,
Slaking a well-kept thirst for information
On "Latest Football News" or "Lords' Debate."

But that won't last: a year or two will find me
Making a modest but sufficient pile,
Unhaunted by the land I left behind me,
And pressing home the common search for "ile";
Hunting the grizzly on the steep sierras,
When things are slack, and I can get away;
Watching the Tuna leap into the air as
He tows my launch round Catalina's bay.

Oh, yes, I'll do all right, when I've forgotten
The pleasant days that now so quickly flee;
But O my England, shall I ever cotton
To Uncle Sam as I have done to thee?
Farewell! again; a heavy-hearted exile
Sheds a moist tribute from his furtive eye;
To-morrow from the ship's departing decks I'll
Bid thee a long, a passionate good-bye.

Ay, and as night draws down and o'er the Channel
From west to east the Lizard winks and wheels,
When the tried sailor dons a thicker flannel
And takes a livelier interest in his meals,
A sea-green form will totter to its cabin,
Seeking from agony a short relief;
A voice will murmur, "This the final stab in
A heart already paralysed with grief!"

ALCOL.

* "I'm sitting on the stile, MARY,
Where we sat side by side."

The Emigrant's Farewell.



First Youthful Briton (watching football match). "FANCY ME AND YOU WASTIN' OUR SATURDAY AFTERNOONS MESSIN' ABOUT WITH A RIFLE. EH, WHAT?"

Second ditto. "NOT US!"

"COLD MEAT, AND HOW TO DISGUISE IT."

[Being the title of a brochure by Mr. M. G. RATTRAY, Diplôme of the National Training School of Cookery.]

A LONG-AWAITED work, under the above title, has recently made its appearance. Without looking, we should guess that it contains something like the following:—

A HAM.—Many a shy ham is aching to take a quiet stroll out of doors, but perhaps fears to be stared at; and to all such the question of means for concealing their identity must be one of absorbing interest. It is difficult to say exactly what disguise a ham should adopt, as the outlines of its figure are almost certain to be recognised through any ordinary *travestic*. It will be apparent, however, to the dullest of hams that the first precaution is to leave one's frill in the larder, as this conspicuous neck-wear would at once betray the wearer. For the rest, a domino of some quiet colour, with its accompanying *loup* (or little black mask) to hide the features, should afford concealment. Finally, avoid being seen in the company of a cold chicken, as the association would be apt to arouse suspicion.

FEW people appreciate the full force of the arguments against which our Tariff Reformers have to contend. Thus: *Canvasser in the Brigg Division*. Then you will vote for Sir BERKELEY SHEFFIELD?

Labourer. No, 'e's for Fiscal Reform.

Canvasser. But, my good man, Fiscal Reform is just the thing that you want.

Labourer. I know it isn't, then. It'll make us all have to be vaccinated.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. EDEN PHILLPOTS aims very high in his new Dartmoor tragedy, *The Whirlwind* (CHAPMAN AND HALL). If he fails of a perfect success, it is due to improbability in the motives of two of his chief characters. The half-pagan love of joy which inspires his *Sarah Jane* to rebel against her husband's rigid orthodoxy is not sufficient in itself to explain her act of infidelity to the man whom she always loves best in her heart. Further inducements have therefore to be found in a kind of dislocated altruism which seeks at once to confer happiness on the lover and to secure his patronage and good services for the husband. This complexity of motive, improbable enough in a person of highly-wrought imagination, is out of all consonance with the upbringing of this woman of the soil. Again, it is asking too much of our credulity to want us to believe that her lover, after quickly tiring of her physical charms, should develop, and maintain to the end, a strong spiritual passion for her soul; at the same time discarding the free attitude of thought which was among his chief attractions for her, and becoming almost as orthodox as her husband. However, these problems seem to offer no sort of obstacle to the author, and he moves forward to his conclusions with rare and unflinching courage.

As a specialist in the landscape of the Devon Moors, Mr. PHILLPOTS shows a pardonable proneness to spread himself in detached scenic essays; always eloquent, but sometimes overstepping the limits proper to a background. On the other hand one can never have too much of his local "souls." In these minor characters he touches the very top of humour—the true English kind, natural and unstrained. Finally, if I had had the happy thought of writing *Adam Bede* or *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* I should not a bit mind being mistaken for the author of *The Whirlwind*.

I am sure that when Miss MACNAUGHTAN was writing *The Expensive Miss Du Cane* she never guessed that she was destined to meet at dinner a real member of *The Times* Book Club Committee, and that her conversation with him would be faithfully reported to Mr. HOOPER. But these things having actually happened a one-and-tenpenny letter from the Manager to call attention to the goings on of the Expensive Mr. HEINEMANN was, of course, a certainty. Now to the 81,000 stalwarts who take their orders from Mr. HOOPER I have nothing to say; I know that—in the words of the old joke—when Father says "Turn" they all turn. But to the few million others I do strongly recommend Miss MACNAUGHTAN's story. It concerns itself with a house-party at Hesketh, and every member of that party is a real living human being; no stage dummy need apply. One of the visitors, however, is not described at all. This is Miss MACNAUGHTAN herself. It is useless for her to pretend that she was not there; I know she was. If I may say so, I can imagine her sitting in her corner, just "looking on"—until in the end she knew more about the characters of her fellow-guests than they did themselves. And had Geoffrey been only sensible enough to have talked matters over quietly and sympathetically with Miss MACNAUGHTAN

he would never have parted from Miss Du Cane as he did.

Reading a few weeks ago the *Life and Letters of Lord Lytton*, edited by Lady BETTY BALFOUR, I was struck by the indispensability of Sir OWEN BURNE. When Lord LYTTON accepted the post of Viceroy of India, his first impulse was to secure Sir OWEN as Private Secretary, an office in which he had served Lord MAYO. Sir OWEN was at the time honourably and comfortably installed as Political and Secret Secretary at the India Office, a post which brought him into intimate relations with the late Marquis of SALISBURY, then Secretary of State. The India Office reluctantly lent his services, on the understanding that his absence should be temporary. Lord LYTTON's published letters testify to his regret at the severance of the connection at the end of two years. Not being a bird, Sir OWEN could not at the same time be in Calcutta and London, and was joyfully received on return to his former post. In his *Memories* (ARNOLD) his almost fanatical modesty cannot obscure the fact that the preference of Lord LYTTON was shared by all who came in contact with him. Whenever a man was appointed to supreme command at home or abroad, he wanted to have OWEN BURNE at his right hand. Sir OWEN's personal predilection drew him to the army. He joined it in youth, saw hard service during the Indian Mutiny, and rose to the rank of Major-General. But successive Viceroys and Secretaries of State claimed him as their own, and the greater part of a long stirring life was spent in the political service.

Before his steps were finally turned aside from soldiering he served as A.D.C. to Sir HUGH ROSE, Commander of the Forces in Ireland. This was just forty years ago. It is interesting and informing at the present juncture to learn that Sir HUGH, brought face to face

with the difficulty of the government of Ireland, attempted to square the circle. His scheme, set forth in pp. 76, 77, will, I venture to say at the peril of prophesying where I don't know, be found curiously like the one about to be submitted to Parliament by the present Government.

Sir OWEN was by Lord MAYO's side when he was assassinated in the Andaman Islands. Of that and other historical events he supplies graphic narrative. He has a keen eye for a good story, and tells many. But why provokingly cut short the one about his getting into the wrong bedroom when retiring to rest on a visit to Osborne? Was the lady "in yellow curl papers?"

Some of us have possibly forgotten that the art of "Kottabos" (the liquid quoits, *ut ita dicam*, of ancient Sicily) consisted in tossing dregs of wine into a metal scale so as to produce a clear ringing note on the head of a figurine. The name was given to a nineteenth-century miscellany to which the wits and scholars of T. C. D. were wont to contribute sparkling effusions in prose and verse. The cream of these dregs (I too have lived in Ireland) has been skimmed by Dr. TYRRELL and Sir EDWARD SULLIVAN and published by GRANT RICHARDS, under the title of *Echoes from Kottabos*; and having sipped thereof with much gusto I have no hesitation in saying that these heel-taps of Dublin stout give quite as merry and clear a ring as similar *jets de mots* of Cambridge audit and Oxford small beer.



ANIMAL SPIRITS.
TRAINING FOR THE GRAND NATIONAL.